

On Your Feet!

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Summary: Tiki thought that Inigo was an amazingly spectacular dancer. [Rated M for a reason][Inigo/Tiki][y'all are outrageous with these pairings how do you come UP with these holy smokes]

On Your Feet!

requested/suggested by anon. blub blub i am a fish.

also on the subject of fates requests: for right now, no, sorry. i'm getting into the game now and learning about all of the characters, so it'll take a while for me to form my own style when it comes to writing some of them! i may release some practice stories every now and then but we'll seee

anyway HOOOOOT daaaMMNNN Niles makes me feel really het and that doesn't happen often! and xander too omfg? also camilla's tiddies! that game is just a rapid generator of THIRST! i made a male avatar so i could marry camilla though. gimme dem titties nee-chan :3

one final thing! anon on tumblr with sev/morgan/robin, I've gotten your request! I just didn't post it so I can keep it nice and cozy in my inbox for when i need to reference it.

that being said, let's get on to the smut. creative pairing, anon!

-bonnie

* * *

><p>Tiki didn't fancy herself a divine being as much as most expected her to. She understood her position and understood how much people relied on her for things, but she never held herself above any other

to the point of being haughty or "stuck up", as some would call it. Tiki didn't even want people to address her by the title "Lady" (although she never felt so inclined to correct people when they did).<p>

However, there were levels of disrespect that she refused to tolerate, and Inigo was a prime example.

The boy seemed to have no limits, it seemed. Tiki had never gotten to the point where she needed to inform him of his impending use as dragon food, but he was rather insistent, it seemed. At first, she assumed that he wasn't aware of exactly how powerful she was, so she informed him of her status (rather amicably; he was young and stupid, she understood well), but he still kept at it.

What was the problem, exactly? Well, the twerp was a (talentless) flirt. Every second she turned around, he had flowers, a cheaply made trinket, or some gods-awful pickup line. As soon as Tiki told Inigo that she was, one, the daughter of the divine goddess Naga and two, a dragon that could probably kill him within twenty seconds, he shied away for a day or two; then, soon enough, Inigo came right back to harassing her, this time with a sarcastic Lady added onto her name. "Oh, hello, Lady Tiki. How do you fare on this beautiful day? Allow me to share a thought: as beautiful as this day may be, it could never compare to you." The son of Virion, no doubt. It must be in the genes_, Tiki thought wryly, as she walked away from the mess tent one afternoon. She never had much to eat, so while most of the Shepherds were gathered, she curled up for her daily afternoon snooze.

Tiki returned to her tent and laid in her cot, hoping to go into a dazed dreamy-state rather than sleep; there was still so much work to do around the camp, as there always was, and she couldn't afford to be too lazy (even if Chrom insisted upon her not having to do too much work, which she found almost insulting).

The light came in through the crack in the tent's flaps, and she loved it. Naps in spring daylight were her favorite kind, because of the warmth and comfort that came in. Night was a nice time for her to sleep, of course, but daylight...ah, the feel of laziness and happy dozing just made her feel all tingly...and warm...and oh-so sleepy...

"Good afternoon, Lady Tiki!"

The Voice of Naga darted to a sitting position, a scowl already forming on her face at the sound of his voice. Inigo! "What are you doing inside of my tent, boy?! I can only imagine what your mother would say if she knew that you went barging into the tent of a lady!"

His face fell, and he paled. "Mommy?! I mean-er, I'm a grown man! My mother's opinion is of no use to me. I come here to speak to you as a..." Inigo winked and tossed his hair, in what Tiki assumed he meant to be a flirty manner. "...m__an."

"You've a ways to go," Tiki scoffed. "You know nothing of manhood, and you won't for a long time. Run along and play with sticks, or whatever you do as a child."

Inigo looked as if he were frustrated, somehow, and he pouted noticeably. "_Hey_! I'm a _man_, I tell you! Compared to your age, I may seem quite young-oh. Uh-oh."

"What a little cretin you are," the manakete scowled. "How dare you insult me on the topic of my age? You obviously have _no_ regards as to how to treat a lady, you poor scoundrel. Has no-one ever taught you? Perhaps _I_ should teach you myself."

"Well, if it's a lesson in manhood that you want to give me...I can't say I object," Inigo said, chuckling. "Alright! I'll bite, Lady Tiki. Teach me, the poor, innocent cretin, how to be a man, how to treat a lady. I'm forever subservient to you, my mentor. Is...that the kind of role-play you like?"

A sigh escaped Tiki's lips. "Your first lesson is to get out of my tent."

"Not really a lesson, but I shall obey! And, ah, what's my homework?"

"_Stay_ out of my tent."

* * *

><p>For the next few days, Inigo came to visit Tiki in her tent daily, looking for her around the camp to start his next lesson. When he barged into her tent for the second time, his lesson for the day was to "give a lady privacy", which was more of a "get the hell out of my tent, for the last time".<p>

Inigo was quick to follow her directions, to her surprise. The "homework" for their second lesson was to give women space, and to not spend every breath he had on chasing skirts for twenty-four hours. He looked frightened, as if he might _die_, but every time she sneaked a peek at him, he was jesting with his guy-friends or doing something by himself; Tiki confirmed herself, and all of the townswomen and female Shepherds that she spoke to claimed they hadn't seen him (followed by several sighs of relief).

_He really _is_ putting a lot of effort in to become a man. Probably just to get into my smallclothes,_ Tiki thought idly one day as she watched him complete their third lesson's activity for the day. What was that lesson's activity? Well, he had to properly "woo" Tiki. Tiki sat on a crate, her legs folded elegantly. She tried to keep her expression interested, but gods, was he boring her. Inigo held one of her hands in his, delicately stroking it as he gave her a shit-eating grin. He cleared his throat and said, "I find myself becoming enamored as I gaze into your blue eyes..."

"My eyes are green."

"Ah!" Inigo, in a terrible actor's motion, fell backwards to the grass, uprooting some blades and twitching violently. "Yes, that is it! Your beauty...it is _blinding_ me! Medic! Medic!"

Tiki couldn't help but chuckle; he did, to some degree, entertain her. "Cute. I, however, feel no inclination to go on a date with you, and that is your objective."

Inigo sighed, staring blankly at the sky for a couple of seconds. "Of course. Perhaps I'm not as much of a man as I thought I was...perhaps I'll never be." The dancer slowly sat up and sighed, gazing off into the distance somberly. "All I can do at this point is thank you, Lady Tiki, for putting the effort into teaching me. I guess I'll always be a cretin, as you said. But, even then, I must properly thank you for trying to help me out. Might I take you for tea? My treat."

The manakete, for a split second, almost felt bad for him and genuinely believed that he was giving up. Then, she noticed the small smirk threatening to sweep his face. "That was undeniably clever. Alright, Inigo; I'll go to tea with you."

"Are you kidding me?! That worked?" He gaped at her, standing and brushing himself off. "_Awesome_! So, I'm a man now, right?"

"Not at all, not at all. But, you're a bit closer than you were before. Now, it's time for that tea," Tiki said, smiling serenely. "Before it's time for my mid-afternoon nap."

* * *

><p>"...so I spun right into the bushes, and I was the laughingstock of Ylisse for a week. Well, not of all of Ylisse. Mostly among my fellow children. But it was embarrassing nonetheless! The first time I stopped being shy enough to dance in front of my peers, I nearly killed myself," Inigo chuckled lightly as he and Tiki wandered around the camp grounds. Tiki managed a small smile, and spared a glance up at him. She felt a bit upset with herself as she automatically thought, _He's actually rather attractive._

The Voice of Naga grimaced a little at the thought, and said, "Hm. I've never seen you dance."

"And for a good reason. I'm not very good at it," he admitted, and he turned red.

"I doubt Olivia would allow _her_ son to be a terrible dancer. I've seen her move, and she's quite talented. I have no doubt you're the same," Tiki said. Throughout their date, she felt oddly energized, even though they had talked until dark and she had long since passed the time of her mid-afternoon nap. After they had finished their tea, they had walked around the market, and he offered to buy her little trinkets and such, and throughout it all, she never felt sleepy at all. That being said, she had no problem dashing off to her tent, calling back for him to keep up. Keep up he did; he was only seconds behind her when they reached her tent. She held up a finger and went inside, pulling out a wooden stool and placing it in the dirt in front of her tent. "Go on. Impress me."

The boy balked, twiddling his thumbs and looking away. "Oh, well, um...I'm a bit stiff, is all, so maybe in a couple of...centuries."

The manakete giggled coquettishly. "Well, _one_ of us will still be here. Come now, show me something. It's your homework."

Inigo looked around; most of the camp had retired. He took a deep breath and shed his armor, gently placing it in a pile next to Tiki. "This one is called the...'Graceful Flamingo', or something, I

forget. I'm a little rusty, so-

"Get on with it," Tiki sing-songed, leaning forward in curiosity.

Inigo pouted and cleared his throat, and, with an airy leap, he began his dance. Tiki never took her eyes off of him, watching the wind carry him: or at least, that's what it looked like. Either way, she was enamored. His bangs flipped over his eyes in such an alluring manner as he spun, his legs and arms all working together in a way that left her mesmerized. Tiki was quite sure that flamingos were somehow associated with the dance, because he didn't hesitate to balance on one leg flawlessly, still moving his body as the other leg was suspended in the air. Her heart pounded as her eyes glazed over, and all that was left was him.

He stumbled for a second, then stopped completely. "That's all," he mumbled, utterly embarrassed. Tiki's heart fluttered at the scrap of shyness that he exhibited. Her body dashed ahead of her mind, and she felt herself becoming enamored with his sudden dorky attitude. "Sorry it wasn't up to par, Milady."

Tiki giggled at his attempt to salvage the suave personality he had worked up. "Inigo, it was definitely up to par. I'm impressed. I...I have no words. You practice by yourself?"

"N-no! I don't practice," he squeaked, and Tiki scoffed.

"Even if your mother is one of the best dancers in all of Ylisse, I don't believe that talent like comes up without practice. I have a project for you: let me watch you dance. If you hope to impress the ladies, you must open up to them, and you'll do that for me through your dance," Tiki said, shifting in her seat. Why does my body react like this? It has been so long since I've felt like this, Tiki thought; her smallclothes were almost unbearably wet, watching him dance. Her teeth anxiously ground together at the thought of seeing Inigo dance again.

Was she taking advantage of him for her own gain? A little, perhaps; but he did ask her to teach him how to treat a lady, and her lesson plan wasn't too far-fetched...right?

* * *

><p>After about a month of Tiki seeing Inigo dance almost daily, Inigo started to doubt her motives...and rightfully so. Every time he would finish, she would give hasty praise then rush back to her tent to indulge in her innermost desires. Her heat cycle was scheduled to appear in three months, after many years of it laying dormant.
What shall I do when it becomes too much to bear? Tiki pondered the question almost every second of the day...that is, if she wasn't pondering Inigo.

One day, he had become a bit suspicious, although he tried to mask it with humor. He took a seat next to her, slightly nudging her to the side so that they could both sit on the crate she was seated upon. He had just finished dancing, and she could smell the sweat he had shed; oh, what a wonderful scent... "So, Lady Tiki...may I ask what you run off to your tent to do after my dance practice?"

"Asking a lady what she does in her private quarters? Not too gentlemanly!" Tiki was itching to get back to her tent, but she couldn't afford to look any more suspicious. The sun was quickly setting, and the hustle-and-bustle of the camp died down as everyone retired. Nobody paid the two much mind; at first, some of the Shepherds were a little shocked, seeing someone of Tiki's stature regularly converse with the likes of Inigo. However, it became the norm as Inigo followed her even more. The two were even referred to by Owain as "two threads, wound together by fate and faith in love".

"Only for your personal health," he corrected, bringing her back down to earth. "I can't help but wonder why you run off so quickly. I don't dance that badly, do I?"

Tiki couldn't tell if he was joking or not; he actually looked legitimately hurt, just a little. She quickly reassured him, "No, it's not that, you...just remind me of a friend, is all. Makes me sentimental." She turned and made eye contact with him, trying to convey the message of "hey, I'm telling the truth".

Inigo nodded, falling for it. "I see...the Hero-King liked to dance?"

"Oh, good heavens, no. Just a friend of old," Tiki lied smoothly. "It overwhelms me with emotion to see you dance, but it pleases me nonetheless. Don't worry about me running off..."

"Well, if you ever need a little help, ah, relaxing-"

The manakete scowled with a warning tone, "Inigo..."

"-I was going to say that I would be very happy to, ah, bring you apples or, er, a nice book to curl up with," he quickly chuckled. "Books always help me relax." Tiki snorted, and Inigo pouted. "I love to read! Particularly romantic fiction! Poetry, too...don't tell Owain."

Tiki studied his face, trying to see if he was lying. He looked pretty sincere. He smiled at her, boldly returning her gaze. Tiki's throat felt suddenly tight as an owl began its song in the distance, and the rising moon cast an enticing light on his eyes. A bead of sweat ran down his temple; it was quite warm out, and he had just finished a dance not too long ago. The droplet of sweat made its way down his flushed cheek as her hand rested on his thigh.

Tiki found herself quickly spiraling out of control as his scent filled her sensitive nostrils. She was tired of taking care of things herself, especially when he was so willing...why should she harbor these emotions when she knew very well he would gladly handle them for her? Or perhaps it was all in jest, all of the flirting...it's not like I'm the only one he's said those things to.

Then again, she wasn't looking for anything particularly exclusive. In her lust-clouded mind, she wasn't sure at all what she was looking for, other than pleasure. She could only assume he was looking for the same thing, and that was quite enough for her. If he held some feelings for her, he would probably get over them very quickly. If she discovered some feelings for him, she was quite sure that she herself would be able to put it aside without much trouble; after

all, she was used to "unrequited" love, after so many of her interests died during her long life-span. If neither of them wanted to pursue a romantic relationship, then them making love wasn't too detrimental to either of their emotions. If both of them wanted to pursue a relationship, then all was fine, well and good. To her, there was no way it could fail, despite all of those possibilities.

But those were all variants, things that were ever-changing. The one thing she knew they were both sure of was their lust, their desire. However, even with that sureness, Inigo still looked unsure as her hand moved up to cup his sweaty cheek. Tiki twisted her body a bit more to lean in and pause, with their shoulders almost touching. Then she leaned in a bit more, her lips grazing his cheek. The sweat droplet that was making its way down his face touched her lips and disintegrated, and her tongue reflexively darted out to lick her lips; her tongue swept over his skin, a wispy touch like the wind, but he still shuddered. Tiki purred, "Do you still want to help me _relax_, Inigo?"

It was like the fight was knocked out of him, and all of a sudden, he wasn't as brave as he acted. "I-today?"

"Yes, today."

"Sure," he chuckled breathlessly. "Yeah. We can...go back to my tent?"

Tiki stood and grabbed his hand, pulling him in the direction of his tent (which she had spent many a time gazing at lustfully). Her heart thudded as every fantasy she had considered ran through her mind. Inigo was ambling behind her, looking around nervously to make sure that nobody was watching them enter his tent. Tiki didn't care enough to pay attention.

The Voice of Naga yanked her prey inside, clipping the tent flaps closed and shoving him onto his bed. He fell with a plop, his eyes wide with excitement and, most likely, a small tinge of fear. She found it a bit entertaining, how nervous he looked, for someone who flirted constantly. "Don't tell me you're a virgin, for all of the big words you speak."

"Of course not! I've...fondled."

"Fondling doesn't count."

"...then I guess I'm...a virgin, _technically_. But-"

"Just hush."

Tiki smiled, and Inigo did too, albeit anxiously. She peeled his sweaty shirt off of him, tossing it to some part of the tent, not caring where it landed. She smirked a little bit; he was quite toned, but there were still traces of baby fat. However, the muscles in his abdomen were very clearly outlined. She ran her fingers along the taut flesh and kissed at his neck, snorting at the way he squirmed.

Inigo looked scared, and she was actually quite worried that he didn't want it...didn't want her. She pulled back and studied his

pink, sweaty face. She tried to summon up the words to ask for a confirmation, but the words got stuck in her throat; she didn't want to entertain the possibility of him leaving her. Before she could finally ask him, he stuttered, "A-are you _sure_ you want this?"

Tiki was taken aback. "Why the sudden questioning?"

"I don't know, it seems pretty manly to ask for consent one last time," Inigo mumbled. "And even more than that, it just feels right, I suppose. Although, I am quite charming, so I don't _expect_ you to back out-"

"You know, Inigo...I don't understand why you put on this flirty front. No wonder women find you repulsive. It's such a shame, because you're not even that bad," Tiki sighed. "You're actually...entertaining. And you've made me feel...like no man has made me feel in a long, long time. Now, are you trying to back out, or are we doing this?"

"Ah-ahh, I wasn't trying to back out, I'm very interested in you!" Inigo argued, blowing air into his cheeks. "I mean, you can see for yourself."

Tiki raised an eyebrow, then looked down and acknowledged the feel of his boner poking her thigh. "Yes, I can. I suppose I should take care of this, then."

There was no room for argument. Tiki didn't bother to undo his breeches; she simply reached in and idly grabbed around until she felt his warmth beneath her dizzy fingertips. Inigo yelped as she began to clumsily stroke, as much as she could with the restriction of his smallclothes and pants. It was good enough for her and for him, too.

A small glob of pre-come oozed from his angry red tip; the scent wafted up to her sensitive nose, and Tiki moaned. "Inigo, I need you to...put your hand inside of my underwear..."

"H-hah?" He said, grinning in his pleasurable haze. "Sure..."

His hand fumbled up under her dress and then into her soaking wet panties. She hissed in mixed pleasure and annoyance when he began to awkwardly rub her hole. She stopped stroking him so he could focus on her, and eventually, the awkward finger-presses turned into luxurious strokes. Tiki purred and nodded, and his eyes flicked nervously to the bulge in his pants caused by her hand.

The manakete began moving her hand again, pausing to cup his balls a little. Tiki was quite aroused, but she felt no need to pounce on him at that very second; full relief would have been nice, but she was quite content with him just gently tending to her flames. However, after a while, Inigo groaned, "Tiki, it's kind of weird to have you stroking it pretty much dry. And, um, I'm kind of getting blue balls."

"What?! They're blue? How can you tell when they're covered up like this?"

"No, no, it's a slang term, Lady Tiki," Inigo chuckled. "It just

means that...I need more."

"... 'blue balls'? I'll never understand phrases like that," Tiki murmured. Regardless of the silly terminology, Tiki understood his predicament, as she was in a similar situation. "Let's fix it, then."

Tiki pulled off and began to undress; he watched her intently as she revealed her breasts, but after a couple of seconds, she gave him a pointed look. Inigo began undressing as well, freeing his stiffened cock. He spit into his hand and began to stroke himself as he watched her wriggle out of her panties. "I should've barged into your tent sooner."

"You just got lucky."

"I sure did!"

The Voice of Naga couldn't resist a smirk. "Well, let's not dilly-dally. I've been waiting far too long."

Inigo grinned. "Alright, then, that's fine. I'll just climb on top of you here-"

The blue-haired boy made a move to flip Tiki over, but the manakete simply giggled at him. "How cute. No, I'll take over here. Don't mind me..." Tiki smirked and pushed him back to the cot, rather roughly. Her instincts were taking over quickly, and his nervous pleas to be on top faded into background static. His throbbing erection tickled her thigh when it twitched, and one final brush from his shaft sent her over the edge. "Hold on tight."

Her last words were uttered breathlessly as she sank down onto his staff, which was weeping with pre-come in anticipation. She gasped, not expecting him to stretch her as much as he did. However, it was thoroughly enjoyed; a small moan of happiness struggled past her lips. Despite the overwhelming feeling of being filled, Tiki didn't stop for a second, starting to bounce on his shaft as soon as he was fully inside of her.

Inigo was making several strangled noises, and Tiki savored each one. He was panting as well, trying to get accustomed to the tight heat wrapped around his shaft. Tiki didn't give him a moment to readjust, too caught up in her lust to even consider that he was probably losing it at the moment. She had been waiting for so long, waiting to feel him inside of her. Right then, she was in nirvana.

"O-okay, this is fun, could you...please...slow down..." He choked out.

"No. N-not when we've come this far," Tiki panted. With a wink, she added, "and don't you dare come before I do."

He looked so beautiful like he was, frayed and messy with sweat. He was nearly wheezing with pleasure, little grunts and moans coming from deep inside of his chest. It had been a while since she had felt so filled, so attached to another person. His arms pulled her down gently, and he kissed her, barely able to catch his breath. "Tiki...oh!"

Tiki started to ride him faster, a bit of the friction from their coupling faded as she adjusted to him; despite that, it was still very pleasurable. One of his curious hands reached up and pawed at her breast, roughly pinching her erect nipple. She didn't mind the roughness, she even moaned her approval. Tiki shuddered as he whispered her name again, something deep within her feeling...something.

Inigo was quite vocal, contrary to what she expected. Tiki couldn't find it in her to complain; every whimper and gasp of pleasure made her head reel, and she soon found herself under his spell.

All of her movements revolved around her hips, with her torso being pulled to him. Soon, she tired out a little (boy, had it been a while since she had felt that good), and she whispered, "Could you take over?"

The blue-haired boy grinned hazily and nodded, flipping them over and laying her on the bed gently. He swiftly re-entered her, before pulling back and thrusting in again. Tiki moaned in an uncharacteristically high voice, and he grunted, "Not bad, huh?"

"Wonderful," drawled Tiki. The room was spinning, with the amazing feel of him filling her and emptying her in rapid succession leaving her breathless, speechless, thoughtless. Tiki wrapped her legs around him and pulled him closer just as he did to her. "My love..."

If she wasn't mistaken, Inigo pulled her even closer after that remark, his thrusts quickening. Despite his pace, he was still gentle, and he only managed to gently brush against her most tender spots; she was fine with that, not wanting to get worked up so fast. Tiki inhaled deeply and reveled in his scent, exhaling with a breathy whine. Inigo pressed his lips against her pulse point, resting them there as he became slightly rougher. "Is...this...okay...?"

"Yes, yes," Tiki squealed, need overtaking her. Tiki's hands tugged at his hair, and he only released a small "hmpf" in response. Her slightly-sharp nails scratched at his scalp in desperation, silently begging him to bring her to a place where she hasn't been in so, so long...

Inigo agreed with his body, picking her up and settling her in his lap. Tiki didn't realize until then, with his muscles wrapped around her, how strong he was. Tiki felt amazing in his arms, like he could take her to the moon and back; at the pace he was going, he certainly was going to.

In perfect sync, their hips started moving. Making sure their paces aligned was effortless; as soon as they started moving, they were moving together, as one. They were melded together, it felt like. Inigo gently began to suck on her sweaty, flushed skin. Every time he filled her slick, pink passage, she felt a bit of her control slip away.

Tiki's eyes had been shut for some time, but she finally opened them to feast her eyes upon his face. Every time he was nestled deep inside of her, his face would twist up a little and then relax into a tense, focused expression. His eyes were closed as well, but when he opened them and their eyes met, he bit his lip. Tiki decided she

wanted to bite it instead; leaning forward, she pulled him into a kiss, the speed of their hips quickening. He lifted her slightly so that he could angle himself, trying different positions until he found the spot that made her nod and whisper "yes, yes, _yes_" in his flushed ear.

"Tiki...I don't think I can take it much longer." Inigo exhaled with a shudder into her lips once they pulled away.

"Me neither, Inigo, I-"

"T-Tiki, I love you!" Tiki knew he meant to say it with purpose, but it came out as more of a desperate whine.

The manakete had anticipated that moment, where she would have to make a decision about her feelings for the boy, but she hadn't expected it to come so soon, especially not when she was on the brink of orgasm and could barely speak! Inside of her, Inigo's shaft began to pulse, and she couldn't hold on for a second longer. Tiki became impossibly tight around him as she climaxed, her screams piercing his ears as she gyrated helplessly in his arms.

His increasingly loud moans in her ears told her he was getting close too, but she wouldn't allow him to lift her off of his lap so he could pull out. "It-it's fine, you don't have to pull out, a human can't get me pregnant when I'm not on my heat cycle..."

He nodded his head, or was her vision shifting? Either way, within seconds, the Voice of Naga felt one last, strong pulse as he released a ragged breath and released. His hips fell weakly to the bed, but she kept moving hers, trying to draw every drop of his seed out of his throbbing shaft. Tiki normally despised being filled like she was, but when Inigo was making the most delectable cooing noises in her ear and holding her so close to him, it was hard not to deal with (or maybe even enjoy) the hot, sticky ejaculate coating her walls.

Finally, Inigo was done, and they lazily fell back to the bed, his cock still buried inside of her. They sat in sweet silence, letting the air hang thick around them with the scent of their beautiful sin. All they could do was pant and occasionally twitch, smiling slightly. Then, she noticed that his lips were turning downwards. Tiki awkwardly cleared her throat and said, "Listen, um...it gets quite tight after I climax, so pull out slowly, alright?"

"You seem all too eager to go," he laughed; he was quite obviously hurt, though. He rolled them over so her back was on the bed, and eased backwards, his cock finally slipping out of her passage with a sloppy suction-y noise. Tiki flinched; she didn't know if it was at the sound, the small tinge of pain as he pulled out, or the way his remark stung.

"Inigo. Listen-"

"No, I get it," he interrupted. "I get it..."

"You don't," insisted Tiki. "We're just in two different places, Inigo."

The blue-haired boy snorted. "Right, of course. Why would the divine

Lady Tiki ever feel anything but idle lust for a philanderer like me? It's silly. If you must know, my words were only said in the heat of passion!"

Tiki scoffed. "Now, we both know that's not true."

"How arrogant."

"Inigo-!"

"Just come out with it, say that you don't feel how I feel!"

Inigo defensively pulled the covers around his waist, as if to tell her that her eyes weren't worthy of his body, despite their actions only minutes before. Tiki sighed in frustration. "I do feel the same...I just don't know that you won't play me for a fool...you're just a boy."

Tiki expected him to take her words to heart, to feel insulted and yell for her to get out; however, all she received was a pleasing surprise. "I won't play you for a fool! I promise, I won't look...I won't flirt with another girl on this planet! In this galaxy! You will be the only one I lay eyes on, whether you return my feelings or not."

How could she not feel moved by such words, by such blatant affection? Tiki's resolve and restraint were breaking due to Inigo's action, just as they had before. Tiki couldn't bring herself to say those same three words that he had said, because she would only be setting herself up for disappointment. But his offer did sound enticing... "I-"

"Even if you think I'm a boy," he tried again, "then I'll take that in stride, and I'll...I'll strive to be a man! If you'll help me, that is."

"Inigo," Tiki mumbled, her cheeks turning even redder than before. "I suppose that...we could make this work..."

Inigo turned to her in surprise, looking awed at her response. Then his face lit up with that gorgeous grin that sent butterflies into her stomach. "Really?! Great! When's my next lesson?"

* * *

><p>wow. an fe:a smut story that ended with love. thaaaat's a new one

_B

End
file.